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VOLUME XXXIV

MAY, 1916

NUMBER 3

Friends of the Mission when in Paris should always consult the church notices in the Saturday (Paris) New York Herald for news of McAll Meetings.

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

will be held in

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

on

Wednesday and Thursday, May 3 and 4

Evening Speaker—Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.

Pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The only Semeuse which has been in active service during the war is that which was lent to the Société Centrale and stationed at Carmaux, in the mountains. M. Tricot has been laboring there for a number of months past.

Since the expiration of his convalescent leave (during which he was able to visit Grenelle and see his family and parishioners), Pastor Georges Gallienne has been made chaplain at Bizerte, in Tunis, being still attached to the fleet.

A Bible given long years ago by Mrs. McAll to a French servant of one of the English workers in the Mission has been instrumental in the conversion of a Jewish lady, who has accepted Jesus as the Messiah for whom she had long been looking.

The *Union Sacrée*, which since August, 1914, has bound men and women of all faiths in mutual respect for the beliefs of others, finds new emphasis in General Joffre's recent order that no unnecessary hindrance be put in the way of any who desire to observe Sundays or Holy Days.

Mme Nick has been gravely ill in the South. Her life was in danger, but she has recovered.

At last advices M. Nick was with the forces near Verdun, and consequently much exposed to danger. A note which he wrote from there to M. Guex closed with the words: "After all, darkness will not always reign on the earth."

A youth of twenty, who learned to know God in the Semeuse at Vannes, writes to M. Sainton: "I am full of confidence for the cause which our French people are defending. Thank God, since I have been at the front I have not had one hour of discouragement. I pray often and that does me much good. I have passed through many a hard place, but I have always felt that I was not alone. I had an intuition that the Saviour was leading me by the hand." M. Sainton has now returned to Vannes, the military authorities having restored our Semeuse to Mission uses.

Some little time ago M. Nick found opportunity to visit a regiment of the *Légion étrangère* (Foreign Legion). "There are hundreds of young men, Swiss, generally living in France, and enlisted for the period of the war," he wrote. "I also found some Americans. They had not had the visit of a pastor for eleven months. I held meetings among them for six days. I had to do all I could for them quickly, as many left for another place. Again they have no chaplain. May God bless them and save them, poor fellows. Up to lately they have not lost many, but soon it will be their turn to fight."

Protestants being relatively few in France, the Protestant army chaplains are often obliged to come long distances in order to discover the members of their flock. Similarly, Protestant soldiers are interested in ascertaining which in their company or regiment have been brought up in the same faith. An ingenious method devised by one soldier is to whistle a strain of a familiar hymn. If any one takes up the strain and continues it, he is at once recognized as a brother. Others make a practice of showing plainly the Protestant paper or tract that he has received from home, and other Protestants are quick to beg a loan of the paper or "little book."

MONSIEUR EMILE J. ROUILLY

The few who yet remain of those who knew the Mission in its earliest years will grieve at the news that this devoted servant of Christ has gone home. The first convert of record, he served the Mission faithfully during forty-four years, being Dr. McAll's brother in arms and companion, as well as Secretary of the Paris Committee. On January 27th he died, having given forty-four of his eighty-two years to the Mission.

In early life M. Rouilly had been an officer of the navy, and afterward a business man. His special charge in the early work of the Mission was the organization of the halls, and of the meetings, not only in Paris, but throughout the country. To this duty, as well as to that of secretary, he brought a clear, calm, exact mind, which was able to perceive the relative importance of details, and so organize each factor as to produce the largest result.

His faith was manifested by a great patience, perseverance in effort, and optimism. He believed in the Mission, recognized its importance, and the great blessing it was bringing to France. In times of crisis, of financial difficulty, he was wise to perceive what were the sacrifices that would most help and least cripple the work.

For years he has been too feeble to take part in meetings. The office of the Mission thus became the centre of his life. Secretary of the Paris Committee and also of the Executive Committee, he never missed a single meeting of either. Pastor Bach, president of the Mission, who visited him on the day of his death, tells how, too weak to speak, he followed perfectly the Confession of Faith and the prayer which M. Bach uttered, and at the close repeated, with intense faith though feeble voice, "Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen."

"The boxes from our American friends arouse in us an immense joy, heightened by the sympathy of which they are the reflection," writes Director Guex. "I wish I could better express how greatly the thought that friends are praying for our people and thinking of them encourages and gives new strength to those who are in the thick of the fight, deeply feeling that they are fighting in a just and noble cause."

THE SACRED UNICN

The *Union Sacrée* is constantly being illustrated in the army. We read of a Roman Catholic chaplain acting as German interpreter to a Protestant chaplain at the deathbed of a German prisoner; and of a Roman Catholic soldier writing to thank the Secretary of the Bible Society for recommending him to the Protestant chaplain of his corps in default of a chaplain of his own faith.

"For no matter to what religion we belong," he writes, "we are all working for the same end, we adore the same God, and all prayers are good when offered from a good heart. In case of accident I should prefer the help of a Protestant minister to none, though I would rather have a priest."

Still another instance is that of an aged priest, chaplain of a division in which there is no Protestant chaplain, who occasionally, without the least attempt to bring them over to his own form of faith, conducts a service for the Protestant soldiers of the division, closing with a prayer in which he addresses the Heavenly Father as *Thou*, after the Protestant manner. In the Roman Catholic service He is always addressed as *You*.

A Protestant chaplain recently gave similar evidence of genuine catholicity. A service was about to be held over a number of soldiers, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. The General of the brigade proposed that first the Catholic and then the Protestant burial service should be read. The Protestant pastor declined. "Let there be no separation between brothers who died for the same cause on the same field of battle," he said. "Let us all express one faith and one hope in Jesus Christ."

Therefore the Roman Catholic chaplain took charge of the services, reciting over the coffins the last prayers of his Church and scattering upon them the significant "dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Then making way for his Protestant brother, the latter pronounced the benediction and, according to French custom, uttered a brief patriotic and religious address which made a deep impression upon all present.

"OLD BOYS" OF THE MISSION

Pastor Georges Gallienne, of our Grenelle work, lately chaplain in one of the hospital ships, took a thoroughly natural pride in two of the "old boys" of his *Ecole de Garde* when they came under his spiritual care after being wounded, and writes of them to the London *Quarterly Record*:

"We had much pleasure in welcoming one of our 'children,' a sergeant of the 28th Infantry, who has received the *Médaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre*, with palm-leaves, for good conduct and for his wounds. He was off at the very beginning of the war in Belgium, and was seriously wounded, being left for dead. He was taken a prisoner to Germany, and has been sent back, having lost an eye, and with a badly damaged ankle.

"Another of our 'children,' sub-lieutenant of the 147th Infantry, was wounded three times, and has also received the *Croix de Guerre*, with palm-leaves, with the following citation: 'Has by his resolute energy kept up the morale of his men in specially difficult circumstances. Seriously wounded in the right arm, he continued to give his commands with the greatest *sang froid*. Has shown courage and energy beyond all praise. Had already been twice wounded since the beginning of the campaign.'

"A young French soldier, dying from wounds received in battle, said: 'Mother, be sure to tell all mothers that you meet who are anxious as to the eternal welfare of their boys, that *in the trenches we all pray, and that everyone commits himself to God*. I tell you this because I know it. I have seen it.'"

"What touching souvenirs these talks with our young soldiers leave with me, these personal dealings we have with such men, who so simply do their duty, and are as resolute in the service of God as of their country!" wrote M. Nick not long ago. "What prayers they offer up. I am constantly receiving letters from soldiers belonging to the North, who have been led to God through their sufferings, and through their having been delivered from great peril. 'It is a great religious instruction that I am beginning,' wrote one of them, of his separation from his wife and three dear little ones, shut up in Lille."

THE WORK IN THE HALLS

Since January, 1915, when M. Daniel Monnier was mobilized, the work of the New York Hall has been in the hands of M. de Grenier-Latour, who has brought to it the zeal and the wonderful gift for evangelization which he long ago showed in the old Salle Rivoli. There is much reason to rejoice in the work he is now doing. The Sunday morning meetings are attended by ever-growing numbers, and those of Sunday evening are also more largely attended. There are one hundred and fifteen children in the Sunday school, the *Ecole de Garde*, interrupted in the early days of the war, is now flourishing, and the Mothers' Meeting, under Mrs. Mesny's care, keeps up its numbers. The *ouvroir* has brought a number of recruits to the Young Women's Meeting, and the new Bible reader, Mlle Paul, has formed a society of juniors. The Young Men's Union suffered greatly by the summons of members to the colors, but the younger boys are receiving all the more careful training in their absence.

Since the death of Herbert Greig, killed last year in the North of France, the two other sons of Mr. and Mrs. Greig have gone out to fight for the adopted country of their parents. The younger lately came home, wounded, from Saloniki. Neither sorrow nor anxiety has, however, checked the activities of these devoted servants of God. "It is probable that the hall of the Faubourg St. Antoine is one of those in which the work of God has been most profoundly successful," writes one who is competent to judge. Nightly meetings were long since resumed in Salle Bonne Nouvelle, Paris, with larger attendances than before the war.

At last, after sixteen months of separation, during which they were hardly able to exchange a word, Mme Neboit, with her four children, was able to join M. Neboit, who came to Paris to meet them. Mme Neboit and her children were detained in Tourcoign when the invading army took possession. The youngest child was born in captivity, and had not been seen by its father. It seems probable that the Semeuse of Tourcoign has been destroyed. As shown in the March RECORD, M. Neboit is aiding in Boulogne-sur-mer and going twice a week to Desvres to help Mme Canet, who is actively working

there. M. Canet has been able to obtain occasional permission to visit Desvres. The last visit was in February.

At Nemours Mme Cooreman is doing her best to keep up the work during her husband's absence. She looks after everything, and keeps up the meetings, reading parts of sermons or religious meditations. Notwithstanding the dangers to which her husband is exposed, she is a real example to all soldiers' wives by her calm serenity and forgetfulness of self. "I believe," writes M. Guex, "that she has done more for the honor of the Gospel in Nemours than she could have done before the war, by all her activities with her husband."

"M. Biau is single-handed at Marseilles since the death of M. François Roux, but for the help of two woman evangelists. But he manages to keep everything going; he even longs to open another hall in the most frequented part of Marseilles, where the streets are always crowded. But that would need much money and an additional worker. It is impossible to describe the work that confronts us in Marseilles, with all the soldiers coming and departing — French, English, Hindoos, Algerians, Moroccans, Malagasy, Cingalese, Serbians, Italians and even Russians. I am investigating the question of founding there a *Foyer* for soldiers. But the military authorities are very strict as to religious neutrality," writes M. Guex.

M. Vautrin wrote from Rouen that for some time after the outbreak of the war our large hall was requisitioned as a temporary hospital. After the hospital service was organized the hall was used to shelter refugees from Belgium and the North of France. More than five hundred families have been welcomed there and cared for in the name of the Friend of the Sorrowing. Few of them remained for any long period, but their temporary stay, while waiting for permanent arrangements to be made for them, has been greatly blessed, both to the refugees and the voluntary workers in the hall. "Especially at mealtimes," writes M. Vautrin, "while we are pouring into their bowls the steaming hot soup, we find an opportunity to feed their souls with words of Christian hope and fraternal sympathy. We also distribute among them tracts and Gospels, which are gladly received."

DR. McALL AND HIS METHODS

(Concluded from the January number)

A rule which in the early days was more important than those who only know the Mission in its later years can well appreciate, was the following:

8. Special meetings must not be organized or announced in any of our halls. We think that if more than two meetings a week were held in the same place (except an occasional meeting for the children), the people would rapidly lose interest, especially in the spring and summer. We most particularly desire not to undertake more than we can carry out. Just at present we are not in a position to ask people to remain after the meetings to take part in religious discussions. We are convinced that a large percentage of our regular attendants (particularly the proud and intelligent workmen) would be antagonized if we undertook to refute their personal beliefs—a thing that might be tolerated in England. When some of our friends tried this, I noticed that the people to whom they spoke withdrew at once from our meetings and influence. For the time being, it is preferable to let them go home with a cordial handshake and a warm invitation to return.

EARLY HELPERS

Two testimonies will show us first how Mr. McAll recruited his collaborators and, having caught them as it were on the wing, used them at once in his work.

One is from Pastor Jean Meyer, quoted from an address given before a general assembly of the Mission in 1897:

"I well remember how my friend Mr. H. Dieterlen, the missionary, came to me one day and told me (we had then neither of us begun our ministry) that an Englishman had opened, in the suburbs, little stores along the street; he could hardly speak French, but he read the Bible and tracts and gave short talks; people came in and out as they liked, and though the crowd for the most part was a mixed one, they listened with respect. The whole thing struck me as absolutely astonishing. Who but an Englishman would have dared attempt such an enterprise!

"A few months later—I was then a pastor—I received a visit from a workingman. He told me that he had been living irregularly, but that one night while out walking he had entered a people's meeting held at Belleville by an Englishman. His conscience had been touched and he had resolved to change his mode of life. In consequence of which, he wished me to consecrate his marriage. The incident touched me keenly and I decided to report it at once to Mr. McAll, whom I had not yet met, thinking it would be an encouragement to him.

"I went that very day to see him and was received with such a welcome as only he could give. 'Thanks—many thanks, my dear friend,' he said, and added, 'You will stay to dinner with us and this evening come with me and speak in the meeting to which I am going.' I was caught. Well do I remember the profound emotion which I felt while assisting for the first time with this people's meeting. The hall was crowded with working folk, men and women in their working clothes, attentive and serious. I had never seen such a thing.

"Since then, during more than twenty years, I have not ceased to collaborate with the McAll Mission. I hope that my work has been of some service to others. I know that in every case it has been of the greatest help to me."

The other testimony is from M. Henri Fourneau. He was at that time (1878) pastor in the South of France, at Toulon, and had often heard the *Mission Populaire* spoken of among the workingmen of Paris. Therefore, finding himself passing through Paris, though he had but twenty-four hours, he determined to visit one of the halls of the Mission.

"That day," he tells us, "there was a meeting in the Rue des Dames, right in the center of the crowded district."

M. Fourneau went. What a strange room! A passage a few yards wide and about fifteen yards long, chairs, a little harmonium, and about two-thirds of the way up a little raised platform. The place was nearly filled with workingmen and their wives. This was the first time that M. Fourneau had seen the sympathetic face of the founder of the *Mission Populaire*. M. Fourneau, sitting in a corner of the room, had no idea of speaking or even being noticed. All at once, during the singing of a hymn, Mr. McAll came straight to him and led him to the

platform. The invitation was extended so graciously that it was impossible to decline it, and thus it was that M. Fourneau made his entrance into the McAll rooms where he was to speak so often during twenty years. This meeting for him was a fresh revelation of the power of the Gospel, capable through the Word of Christ alone to attract the soul and touch the heart of those who were most indifferent to the eternal verities of the Christian faith.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

A work of this character, writes M. Fourneau, could not succeed save for a tenacity and an activity which were unceasingly persistent. Mr. and Mrs. McAll gave of themselves with unlimited zeal, all their strength and that of their helpers was poured out unceasingly. In 1878, during the World's Exposition, the hall erected at the Porte du Trocadero was filled three times a day, at three, five and eight o'clock. Every day of the week, and at every meeting each day, Mr. and Mrs. McAll were on the platform and at the harmonium. This extra hall and the great amount of work it occasioned was not allowed to interfere with the work of the regular halls. Every evening, in one district or another of Paris, Mr. McAll presided at a meeting and his valiant wife at the harmonium, often after having had charge of some special meeting during the day for mothers, children and young girls. "When I decided," M. Fourneau goes on to say, "to give a part of my time to the *Mission Populaire*, it was with the greatest pleasure that I would sometimes follow Mr. and Mrs. McAll on their Sunday journeys from hall to hall. At three o'clock sharp the doors of the shop on the Rue de la Tacherie were thrown open. The hall was crowded, as in fact it was every night. Then after the last prayer Mr. McAll would start for the door, giving as he went that hearty handshake of his which touched the heart more than could the fingers of his helpers. No one who received it ever forgot that handshake. This was the first meeting.

"Hardly was it over, when director and assistants would hasten to the Boulevard de Ménilmontant, where about a hundred men and women would gather from the surrounding districts. It was a very interesting gathering. It did not in any

way resemble the one at the Rue de la Tacherie, but Mr. and Mrs. McAll were especially fond of it.

"We left Ménilmontant about a quarter after six, stopping to eat whatever we could find wherever we could find it, and then hurrying on to the eight o'clock meeting at Ornano or Chapelle, or sometimes farther still. Yet when we separated at half-past nine, Mr. McAll and Mrs. McAll would shake hands with us so kindly, hoping so cordially to see us the following Sunday, that we would forget all the fatigue of the afternoon. So busily employed—so busily and yet so joyfully—in the propagation of the Gospel among those to whom it was indeed a Revelation.

MR. MOODY'S VISIT

In 1882 Messrs. Moody and Sankey visited Paris, and after a week of addresses in English, Mr. Moody consented to speak to the French public through an interpreter. *L'Oratoire du Louvre*, the largest Protestant temple in Paris, was given at the request of the McAll Mission Committee for a series of six evening meetings. Each night the great building was filled to the second gallery by a great multitude of people coming from all over Paris, many of whom were regular attendants of the McAll meetings. That memorable week will never be forgotten by those who took part in the meetings, and who rejoiced to see the cause of the Gospel served so ably by that faithful and zealous preacher (ably translated by Mr. Theodore Monod), whose power—hardly diminished by the necessity of interpretation—stirred and thrilled the entire assembly. The more intimate after-meetings were almost as well attended, and it was estimated that on the last evening twenty-five hundred people stayed till the very end. Many remarkable instances of conversion were noted and all the Protestant churches, through their pastors as well as their members, thoroughly approved the results of this movement and its reviving influence in many souls and many districts. At the close of these meetings Mr. McAll read to his committee, and afterwards to all his assistants throughout the Mission, a little pamphlet on the best methods of presenting the Gospel to the people. This was inspired by some of Mr. Moody's addresses in the *Oratoire* and by the splendid results which followed.

THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

Just because Mr. McAll did not wish to be anything more than a man who gives himself to the service of God and his brethren, he began with the most unimportant and the most disdained among them—strangers, the heathen, the Samaritans, the communards of Belleville. Because he had but this one aim—to follow Jesus Christ, to do the work which his Master had put before him, to bring about the glory of the Master and not of the seryant, in sight of the Heavenly country and of the universal Church invisible, not for the interest of his own country, or his particular Church—for this very reason, because of his perfect disinterestedness, his forgetfulness of self and self-renunciation, God gave him a name, a glory, a success, a harvest of souls, fields of wheat from which he finds again at this hour, gathered together in Heaven, in the granaries of the Father, the full sheaves which he had the joy of binding on the earth.

What a good and faithful servant! What a beautiful and useful life, blessed and happy! What a good and encouraging example he leaves us!

Pastor Elie Gounellé, the founder of the Solidarity of Roubaix, for many years pastor of the Chapelle du Nord in Paris, has been called to the army as chaplain of an army division. Another of our former workers, Pastor Freddy Durrleman, has been made chaplain of the fleet, on the war-ship *La France*. It will be remembered that the eldest son of Pastor Elie Gounelle, Henri Gounelle, fell on the battle field last June, at the age of twenty-one. Of him Pastor Nick wrote: "Henri Gounelle was my god-child. I loved him as a son. He was an accomplished youth, well read, a thinker, a loving character, and carried in his sack his Greek Testament to study in his leisure moments. A week before his death he wrote me a most loving letter. 'I fear nothing; if I am spared or not, I have made the sacrifice of my life to that cause which makes our country vibrate with a thrill of enthusiasm.' From the trenches he wrote to his sister, 'The beauty of a life is of more value than the life itself.' Alas! I little thought that this truth would be so quickly verified for him!"

COMFORT FOUND IN A MISSION HALL

A story that M. Greig tells in the Annual Report for 1915, recently at hand, is typical of one of many kinds of service rendered by the Mission in these days of trial and heroism.

A young man named D——, who had formerly been an officer of the Young Men's Union in the Faubourg St. Antoine, married a young girl whom he had learned to love during his years of military service which were passed in St. Quentin. After marriage they came to live in an apartment of the house of which Salle St. Antoine forms a part. Devotedly attached to one another, and with no relatives near at hand—for D—— was an orphan and his wife's mother and sister lived in far-away St. Quentin—they hardly felt the need of making acquaintances or of any other recreation than an occasional attendance at evening meetings in the hall. The young woman was timid and reserved, and though her husband often suggested that she should join the Young Women's Union of the hall, she could not bring herself to do so.

Suddenly came the order for mobilization, and within two days the husband was gone. The husband of the concierge of the house, who is also the concierge of our hall, being at the same time called to the colors, the two wives felt drawn to one another by a common sorrow, and the older, a true-hearted Christian, comforted the younger by talking with her of the Saviour.

Mme D—— yielded to her persuasion to join the Young Women's Union, become interested in the Bible readings which she there heard, and forgot herself in the sympathy with which the other members surrounded her. Her husband's letters reached her regularly, but from her mother she heard nothing; the flood of invasion had engulfed her native town. Had her mother, her sister, been killed? She knew nothing about them, but more and more she found comfort in the meetings.

Then the blow fell! Her husband had written, asking her to send him some winter underwear. She made up a parcel, carried it to the railway station, and returning, found a messenger from the municipality of the ward to tell her that her husband had fallen in battle. She would not, could not

believe it, until the medal which he had earned for bravery and his personal possessions were brought to her. She was about to sink into despair—the poor bereaved child, alone in a strange city! But the women of the Salle gathered around her and sustained her by reminders of the love of Christ. Now she says: “How glad I am that my husband took me to the *Conférence*, for I should have gone mad if I had not learned to know the Saviour.”

PETITE FLEUR SANS SOLEIL

Louise Petremann is a pale, timid girl of eighteen. Her intelligence is quick but her left arm and leg are partly paralyzed, so she can do no hard work. Her father is a drunkard. He was never married to her mother, and after he left her this woman lived for a time with another man, and now with a third, who has also another mistress. Louise was brought up by her father's mother, who was poor but honest and well-behaved. When the old woman died she had no resource but to live with her mother, but she was very unhappy there. Last year she told my daughter, who superintends the girls' guild, that she had been invited to go for four months to a convent for her confirmation, but would come back at the end of her stay. Knowing that physically and morally she would be better off at the convent than at home, and having no money to send her to a Protestant Home, we could not object.

At the end of the four months Louise came back. She had certainly profited by the better food and the healthier moral atmosphere, but she was not a better Roman Catholic than before. Attending mass every day for four months had not given her a desire to continue doing so on Sunday. Unless people have very exalted mystical or musical faculties, mass is a monotonous and empty business.

Louise had lost the very humble situation she had had before, her mother treated her badly, and she wrote to me, telling me of her painful circumstances and saying prettily that she was “une pauvre petite fleur sans soleil.” So my wife asked her to come to sew and help generally at our house. Here she got to be very good friends with our cook, Jeannette Pallise, a very nice girl from the village of St. Michel de Cha-

brittanoux, in the Cévennes Mountains. Jeannette is a staunch Huguenot, who can count many martyrs among her ancestors. The entire population of her village has remained Protestant notwithstanding the awful persecutions of nearly two hundred years.

When Jeannette came to us she was much astonished at the discovery that all the large churches in Paris were Roman Catholic and to hear that in all France Protestants are only a handful. She honestly believed that only the most ignorant and backward of the people were Roman Catholics! Her father, who is a land-owning farmer and a clever man, reads nothing but his Bible—a fact that goes far to explain how these people have for centuries stood out against Pope and King.

Jeannette is going to be married and will get a nice farm as a dowry. Her "trousseau," home spun and woven, has been ready for years and her earnings will go for her furniture, which, I fancy, will be less primitive than that of the old people.

Now Jeannette's parents, who live alone, have consented to take Louise into their home, and within a few weeks she will leave Paris with Jeannette and will probably spend the rest of her life with good Mme Pallise, milking her cows, picking chestnuts in autumn, looking after silkworms, a much healthier life than that she has known in the slums of Place Pinel. Last Sunday morning she went to see her father, but he was already so intoxicated that he could not sign the paper that I needed in order to complete the arrangement!

Louise is quite another girl now. She has been mending and binding my American picture rolls and doing rather complicated office work for me. I trust the good sun of the Cévennes hills, and still more the influence of a Christian family, will make the "*petite fleur sans soleil*" blossom into a healthy and happy Christian woman.

H. M. d'A.

The winter was peculiarly hard upon the soldiers from the invaded districts, who receive from their home people neither material comforts nor moral encouragements, as their comrades do.

HERE AND THERE

M. Merle d'Aubigné finds that, although the war has taken nearly all the men and youths from his hall, yet that a new spirit has come over the women and boys. In labor among these, Mlle Julia Merle d'Aubigné has been of the greatest assistance to her brother, who was sadly handicapped by the detention of his admirable Bible reader, Mlle Sprecher, in the invaded region. Especially has the Young Women's Union, under Mlle Merle d'Aubigné's care, entered upon a most interesting and hopeful stage of development. The boys—whose future is of such importance to France—are M. Merle d'Aubigné's especial care. He has formed a new troop of Boy Scouts, a young aviator, whose health is impaired, valiantly aiding in their training. Not only in the Rue Nationale, but most especially in the annex of Bicêtre, the boys are eager to be taught, and their moral future seems to be bright. The *ouvroir* continues to be a feeder for the Young Women's Union.

Since the lamented death of Mrs. Benham, and the resignation of Dr. Benham from the work in which for more than three decades he has been most successful, the faithful Mlle Gardiol keeps up La Villette almost single-handed, praying with the women, writing to the men at the front, watching over the children. The replies she receives from the absent soldiers show how deeply implanted in their hearts are the teachings of previous years. Mlle Gardiol tells an interesting story of a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law who, with much self-denial, gathered, sou by sou, the three francs necessary for the purchase of a Bible, a friend sharing their self-denial and the ownership of the long-coveted book. Now, through their study of it, all three have become members of the nearest church.

Mlle Maigne, left alone at Alfortville by the death of M. Creissel, is equally devoted both to the women and children of the hall, and their husbands and sons at the front. In both these halls, thanks to the Relief Fund, a daily soup is prepared, of which portions are carried home by the mothers, to be eaten with their children.

The absence of M. Gallienne from the hall and church of

Grenelle brought a heavy responsibility upon Mme Gallienne. Happily for that important work, M. Sainton, our devoted automobile evangelist, also in charge of the Semeuse in Vannes, Brittany, was set free when the Semeuse was requisitioned by the war authorities, and for some months he was able to divide his time between the work at Grenelle and in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, in both of which his consecrated eloquence has made a most beneficent impression. Mlle Flandrois at Grenelle and Mlle Margaret Monod at Javel are seconding the labors of Mme Gallienne and M. Sainton. At Christmas the women of both halls were gathered for a festival, at which many of them for the first time saw a Christmas tree. Ten new-comers were added to the membership of the Mothers' Meetings at that time. The closing prayer was offered by the father of Director Guex, an old man of eighty-three, who was so delighted with all that he saw and heard that he remained till the very end. Contrary to the general condition, the work in Grenelle is not limited to women and boys with a few old men. Some sixty refugees from Lille, strong and hearty young men, who when the invader was at the gates escaped and finally reached Paris, as has previously been described in these pages, are working in the munition factories near our Grenelle hall, and in that hall and its ample court they find a spiritual home and a welcome opportunity for needed recreation. It is inspiring to hear them sing hymns and pray together; it is delightful to watch their games and exercises in the court; it is touching to hear them sharing with one another the scanty news which occasionally filters through to them from wife or parents or child shut up behind the inexorable barrier of an invading army. The youngest of them, a boy of seventeen, has died of homesickness, and it is possible that in the Father's house on high he has already met his mother. Twice in the course of the winter their beloved Pastor Nick was able to visit them at Grenelle. The last time he wore the ribbon of the War Cross, with which he had been decorated. More than one hundred children daily attend the Ecole de Garde at Grenelle. Mme Gallienne finds time to give them a few minutes' religious instruction every day.

The report comes from St. Quentin that the walls of our

hall there are still standing, though the interior woodwork and the furniture have been used by the invaders for fuel. The wife of the only pastor left in St. Quentin, herself in Paris, not long ago received her first letter from him. It was written on the shirt of a child whom the Germans had sent out of the city. The brief letter, not unnaturally, contained no allusion to our hall.

Nothing at all has been heard from Bethune, which, being in the line of invasion, has probably been entirely destroyed. Nor has any news come from Lourches, the work in which, as in Bethune, was an outgrowth of that in Desvres.

Rouen has lost its only remaining Protestant pastor in active service by the call of Pastor Lauga to the front as stretcher bearer. Pastor Franel, of a church in a neighboring town, has undertaken M. Lauga's duties with the help of a theological student, M. Marc Chalamet. It is the latter, probably, who will have the charge of our hall in Rouen.

The evangelistic work previously accomplished by those of our workers who are now chaplains in the army has greatly facilitated their present task. M. Nick has again and again been accosted with delight by men from the North who had heard him speak while on evangelizing tours, or in a congress of the Blue Cross, or even in the Foyer du Peuple while on a chance visit to Lille. M. Canet has had the joy of meeting, in the army corps in which his work lies, large groups of his old friends of Limoges and Saint-Yrieix, where he labored for a number of years before going to Desvres. And M. Gallienne, who while on a hospital ship plying between Dunkirk and Brest, had frequently taken part in meetings in the former town, and had even organized a *Foyer du Soldat* there, one day in the Dardanelles, whither he had been transferred, heard his name joyfully called by an unknown man who had heard him speak in the Bonne Nouvelle Hall (Salle Baltimore), Paris. M. Barlet, of St. Quentin; M. Peyric, of the Maison Verte; M. Cooreman, of Nemours; M. Neboit, of the Semeuse in Tourcoign (near Roubaix and Lille), and M. Brochet, of the Bon Messager, though not chaplains, are making the most of their army service as an opportunity to preach the glad tidings to their fellow soldiers.

PARISIAN RAG-PICKERS AND SINGING EVANGELIZATION

[This article, published in *The Congregationalist* before the outbreak of the war, describes a condition of things now no longer existing. It is still, however, of interest as a record of the past.—EDITOR.]

The moralizing effect of music upon the degenerate and the vicious has never been more strikingly illustrated than by the success of certain workers in the McAll Mission in awakening the religious instinct in the wretched denizens of the *Zone Militaire* of Paris. This "military zone," a strip of land



THE "ZONE MILITAIRE," PARIS

These rag pickers' shacks have now been torn down
Courtesy of The Congregationalist

some hundred yards in breadth encircling the fortifications of the French capital, and upon which no building may be erected which, in case of military necessity, may not be laid low within an hour, has naturally been seized upon by squatters of the lowest order, ragpickers, gypsies and petty criminals, and has become a very breeding place of those young *Apaches* who are the problem and terror of the police of Paris. A hopeless problem before the power of law, some hope has yet been brought into it by the combined power of music and Christian love.

About ten years ago Pastor Lenoir, then in charge of the McAll Mission station in the Grenelle quarter, finding his

newly-opened outstation of Javel in danger of being swamped by the *Apaches* of the adjacent zone, undertook to learn what help music might afford. Arming himself with a violin, and accompanied by two volunteer assistants, he sought the *enclos des mousquetaires*, an enclosed group of tents and shacks, where, among heaps of indescribable refuse, they found a swarm of human creatures, unwashed men stretched upon filthy bits of carpet, smoking and drinking, unkempt women sorting the rags, bones and other malodorous prizes brought home in the early hours from the trash-cans of the city, half-naked



A MISSION ORCHESTRA

Singing evangelists among the rag-pickers
Courtesy of The Congregationalist

children groveling and quarreling in the puddles that separated the assorted heaps. It was a sultry June afternoon, and the women were languidly accomplishing their task. Their attention, however, aroused by the jeers of the men, they stared at the unfamiliar visitors, then suddenly took on new life when one of the group, clapping her hands, shouted, "Here's music! Now for a dance!" But when, with the first strain of the violin, the visitors began to sing "I'm but a stranger here," and then "Art thou weary, art thou languid," perfect silence reigned in the *enclos des mousquetaires*. The men forgot their bottles, and the women their work, the children their quarrels. "More music, more music," was the only sound as the strains

died away. Hymn after hymn was played and sung, and the rapt attention continued, even when the pastor said a few words about a Saviour who had sent the visitors to sing these pretty songs, and who asked nothing better than to love them all and make them happy. At this some of the men jeered, but softly, as if not quite sure of general sympathy, and even they were gratified at being included in the distribution of leaflets with hymns, the children, all enchanted, receiving a picture leaf each.



RAG-PICKERS AT REST
From the painting by Piers Cabane
Courtesy of The Congregationalist

WINNING BY MUSIC

The welcome of the singing evangelists to the *enclos des mousquetaires* was thenceforth secure. On Wednesday afternoons the children, perched upon every coigne of vantage, would make known the welcome approach with cries of "*Les voilà, tout va bien!*" (Here they come! That's all right!). The expression clung to the visitors, who became known as the "*Tout va biens.*" The "*Tout va biens*" became recipients of many a confidence, discovered more than one "lost sheep" in the wretched hovels, and won their confidence. The *Apaches* who had been the terror of the Javal Mission hall came peaceably into Sunday school, and more than one *mousquetaire* in battered military cap drawn from the ash can, and "some-

thing resembling trousers," presented himself at the evening meeting in Javel. "Evangelization by singing" has since then been carried on in various parts of the military zone. The *roulotte évangélique* (gospel wagon) of Pastor Samuel Anderson has awakened the inhabitants of the *Camp des Biffins* (Boxer Camp) and many another group of outcasts to a real sense of religious need. The finely trained orchestra of the Bercy church (an outgrowth of the McAll Mission), the uniformed Boy Scouts of Belleville—whose lusty singing of the "Glory Song" wins especial response—Salvationists with drum and tambourine, have alike found their way to the religious sense of the denizens of the *zone militaire*. Recently the organist of "Central Hall," the noble building presented by Americans to the McAll Mission in commemoration of its fortieth anniversary, went, with two friends carrying a "baby organ" to the *Marché aux Puces* (Bug Market), perhaps the most filthy of all the squatter settlements of the zone. Little children crowded around the instrument, their elders standing behind in solemn silence as the strangers repeated, explained and sang stanza after stanza of hymn after hymn. Attracted by the dense crowd that shortly gathered, the guardians of the peace approached, but withdrew, satisfied that all was well. When Pastor Schaffner of the Lutheran Church of the Ascension first led seventy members of his Choral Society and his Brotherhood to "Boxer Camp," in which the *roulotte évangélique* had long been a welcome visitor, choirmaster and singers were temporarily struck dumb when a horde of ragged children, rushing to meet them, burst forth in deafening uproar with "Jesus the Saviour calleth thee!" But when, the hymn trailing off into silence from want of words, the choristers began to sing "As the heart panteth," the children fell suddenly mute. Men and women came crowding around, policemen drew near and remained astounded, as the exquisite voice of the soprano uprose in solo. In the awed silence that followed someone asked for "the Titanic song," and many were the hoarse and quavering voices, many the shrill tones of children, that joined in "Nearer, my God, to thee," the singing of which upon the sinking steamer had impressed all Paris, even to the military zone.

SEED THAT MAY BEAR FRUIT

The potency of sacred song as a means of evangelization has been tested and proved among a class as abandoned, wretched and vicious as may perhaps be found in any city of the Christian world. The *zone militaire* will soon be no more. The municipality of Paris has acquired it and will build upon it decent abodes for the poorest working folk. The tents and shacks, refuse heaps and puddles of the zone will disappear, and one realizes with pitying emotion that if any who now people the region prove capable of rising to decent usefulness, it will be due to the "singing evangelization" which has taught them the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.—*The Congregationist*. L. S. H.

A FEW WORDS FROM PASTOR HUSQUIN

We are like sick people—more sensitive than others both to kindness and to discomforts—so bruised and sore are our hearts. Our confidence, our hopes, are indeed not enfeebled nor sick, but our sorrows are great and great is our suffering too, at being so widely separated from those whose sympathy is ours, but who cannot possibly understand the vastness of the conflict in which we are engaged.

Notwithstanding ruins and bereavements, we are looking toward the future with confidence. Our cause is just and it will triumph. We are much encouraged along the way by the sympathies and encouragements which come to us from all parts of the world.

A significant witness to the religious spirit of the French soldiers is found in the distribution of Prof. Westphal's *Jésus de Nazareth*, a Harmony of the Four Gospels. A cheap edition was printed for circulation among the troops, not promiscuously, but to those asking for copies. Each volume bears the inscription: "Any officer, noncommissioned officer or soldier, on active service or prisoner, who desires to have the book, will receive a copy gratis on application." The address follows. Two editions, totaling 50,000 copies, have been thus distributed.

NEW ACTIVITIES IN NICE

Mme Malan is head nurse in a hospital at Nice, a city now thronged with wounded. "As we have always given a patriotic tone to our preaching, without losing sight of our religious purpose," writes M. Malan, "much public attention has been fixed upon our work. Subalterns and even officers attend our meetings, with much apparent satisfaction. 'Why, this is perfect,' said an officer one day; 'it is patriotic and moral; just what the soldiers need.'" "The hymns '*Jusqu'à la mort nous te serons fidèles*' (Unto death we shall be faithful to Thee) and '*Debout, sainte cohorte*' (Onward, Christian soldiers) may be said to have marked an epoch among them," writes M. Malan. "Not only for the numbers—we have some eighty at a time—but the attention of these soldiers and their persevering attendance have given us joy. For two months, or for four, according to the length of their stay, they have come regularly three times a week. More than once our speaker has been a sergeant-nurse, who in ordinary times is a member of the Theological Faculty of Montauban."

Though there have been few foreigners in Nice since the war, yet an interesting number of such have attended the meetings. A Russian lady who had never made herself known to M. Malan wrote to him from Moscow to thank him for the good which she had received in the hall. "M. Malan is the right man in the right place," writes M. Guex. "He is always on the lookout to discover some new method of attracting the public to the hall. He has recently given a series of lectures on 'The Allied Nations,' England, Russia, Serbia, etc., always treating his subject from a point of view which makes it natural to give the discussion a religious turn. A local paper announced a lecture by Pastor Arnold Malan on 'France and her military glory,' showing that among the exercises was the singing of the hymn to Jeanne d'Arc and the playing of a *morceau* on the violoncello with harmonium accompaniment by Mme Malan. A previous lecture was on the subject, 'Souvenirs evoked by the bombardment of Ravenna: Dante and his poem.' I tell you all this to show you how ingenious M. Malan is in attracting an audience, and making his lectures an opportunity for preaching the Gospel."

GOOD FRUIT AT ALFORTVILLE AND IVRY

MILE J. MAIGNE

Among the lads who have attended our schools at Alfortville and at Ivry, many are now in the thick of the fighting, and several have fallen, others are wounded or prisoners; others, again, are about to be called out. Our hearts are filled with sadness, and we should certainly be discouraged did we not feel that it is our highest duty to sustain, by our prayers and sympathy, these dear fellows who are fighting so heroically to preserve our homes.

We correspond with many of them. One wrote lately: "I thank you for your prayers. I feel I am guarded by God, and I know that nothing will happen but what He wills."

Another lad, a prisoner, wrote to his mother to ask a Testament for him. We sent him the little Book he knew so well from a child; he got it at school with his tickets. He read it weekly, learned the verses, and often used to read aloud in school, or recite a chapter at the Christmas treat.

A young soldier, who had ended his time of training, came on leave before going off to some distant expedition. He wished to take away with him the cards with the weekly texts to give to the children he had been teaching to sing hymns. In several families he had been invited to spend his evenings and sing the hymns. He told them where he had learned these hymns, and he found that they were very sympathetic. He wrote: "Here everyone loves God; they listen well to all I tell them when I speak about our Heavenly Father."

In the trenches a young man has induced three of his comrades to read the Gospel; he took with him the picture cards, and was going to use them for Bible studies. He said: "It is not easy, but with the help of God I hope to be able to make them understand how good it is to belong to Him."

Another lad, wounded and cared for in an ambulance, had not at first the courage to say that he was a Protestant, but is now fully decided, and has asked me for a book that he can study with a comrade who is a Catholic, and he wants to know which passages are they that explain our faith.

We have sent several hymn-books, one with music, to Germany, at the request of one of our prisoners. They have a harmonium, and they sing together in the evenings. In making up the parcel I recalled to mind the day, many years ago, when I was with this lad, seriously ill, and he sang softly with me a hymn he specially loved, and then he quietly fell asleep. And now it is his little baby that the wife has with her when she brings us tidings of him!

When on leave, another of our boys came to the school, when we were saying to the classes, "Take your New Testaments to read together." He took out his little Testament quite naturally. How this little incident touched my heart! If God preserves his life, I believe that this dear boy will be a blessing to many by the faithful testimony he gives to his Master.

I speak of our boys because our hearts are so drawn out to them; but I can also speak of our girls, and how they encourage their brothers, their fiancés, their "god-sons," and what good letters they write, and what parcels they send, using all sorts of clever devices in order to give their absent ones some little surprise.

Among our children at the school we have a little German girl. Before the war she was living here with a relative, and she stayed on. We treat her with the same affection as we do all the others, and she offers her pretty little face for us to kiss. Poor little ones, whose early days are shadowed by the terrible cloud hanging over us all. How they need to be taught the words of the Lord Jesus! We speak of love and not of hatred, of pardon and not of vengeance. We have one desire—to lead the children to the Saviour.

THE GOSPEL IN THE CEMETERY

PASTOR H. GUEx

There are, probably, not two cemeteries in all France where it is possible to preach the Gospel, apart from funeral services. One of such is at Nice, the cemetery of Le Château, in the portion formerly reserved for the Protestants. For thirty years it has been an established custom that Gospel

meetings, looked upon by the authorities as a *culte*, should be held by the McAll Mission on 1st and 2d November, the two days on which the Catholics visit their graves and decorate these with flowers.

It seems that the origin of this was a private meeting that a former pastor of Nice held by the tomb of one of his children, and to which he invited a few friends. Others who had not been invited gathered round, and the pastor seized upon the occasion to preach the Gospel to those who were attracted by the novelty of the meeting. Since then the Mission has regularly held these meetings among the graves, and they last from two to three hours, the addresses being interspersed with hymns and ending by prayer.

The number of listeners sometimes amounts to as many as 1000 or 1200. This year there were between 700 and 800 only, as the greater number of people had gone to another cemetery, lately opened, where the soldiers who had died at Nice, where there are many hospitals, are buried, and where the civil authorities and the Bishop of Nice had organized special ceremonies.

It was a very impressive sight to see these hundreds of people—men, women and children—crowding together before the speakers in a broad avenue, and there sitting and standing on the terraces that the graves form on the slope of the hill, on which the cemetery hangs. It was a brilliant, sunny day, the white marble monuments shone among the cypresses and palms, and the people listened most attentively to the messages of salvation. A few stayed only a short time, but the great majority remained between one and two hours, fascinated by the affirmation of the Gospel so new to them, and that opened out to them new and unknown horizons. What the future might be, and how to enter on the new life, and the place which the Lord has gone to prepare for His people, and the real end of man—life as designed by God, and the way leading thereto—the most part of our hearers knew little or nothing of all this, the splendid possibilities of the Gospel being hidden from their sight by superstition and prejudice.

So it was very touching for the speakers to pour out what filled their hearts, and what enabled them to bear the separa-

tions which break the heart, and to look forward to the heavenly country with joy. We can say that if these meetings were blessed to others, they were certainly a means of blessing to ourselves. And this year, when so many are mourning for their dear ones laid in some unknown tomb far away, it was easy to speak to them.

"A work which I deem of first importance," writes M. Chastand, "is regular correspondence with mobilized members of the *Fraternité*. With my letters I send tracts and religious newspapers designed to lift up their hearts and strengthen their faith. And how touching are the answers that I receive from these brave fellows—words scrawled in the dark trenches, and possibly the last they will ever write. All show them clinging closely to the Saviour as a child to its mother in an hour of danger. All say how they miss the meetings and how faithfully they mean to attend them if they return from this terrible war. More than one of them has been called up higher since they left us." Most of the former works of this station have by degrees been resumed, though the large hall of the *Fraternité* is still a hospital. The smaller numbers make it possible to use the smaller rooms for the various activities. A hundred children of the *école de garde* are here fed daily, the Relief Fund furnishing the means.

It will be remembered that almost the last visit made by La Bonne Nouvelle before the outbreak of war was at the ancient town of Tournus, on the Saône, a part of the vast parish of Pastor Cornet-Auquier, of Chalon-sur-Saône, which includes forty-one towns and hamlets. Pastor Cornet-Auquier's tribute to the value of our boat work was read with interest by many of our subscribers some two and a half years ago. It was with pleasure that we noted in a recent issue that the son of this earnest pastor, Captain Cornet-Auquier, had received the military cross. Later he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor for exceptionally valiant conduct on the field. Later it was announced that Pastor Cornet-Auquier's daughter, Mlle Marguerite Cornet-Auquier, a nurse at the Alsatian front, had been decorated by President Poincaré with the

war cross. Now both father and daughter are called to mourn the death of their son and brother, who died of wounds on March 2d, at the age of twenty-eight, "a great loss to the country and to the Church," says *Le Christianisme au XXme Siècle*.

The Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the Department of the Seine (including Paris) sends to the *Christianisme* a card of earnest thanks to the many friends who have contributed funds for supplying moral and religious reading for the soldiers under the colors. He mentions with special gratitude a totally unexpected gift of 500 francs for this purpose from Mr. J. P. Morgan, of New York, sent to the Association through Pastor Dièny, in whose family Mr. Morgan once boarded while studying in Paris.

One of the most zealous distributors of the Scriptures in this war time is the Mayor of Saint-Bénézet. He wrote, first of all, to all those mobilized in his commune, then to all those in the *arrondissement* of Alais, as he could easily obtain their names, to ask them if (1) they would accept a copy of the New Testament; (2) to send him the names of those of their comrades who would welcome this offer. He was able to obtain about 2200 names of soldiers at the front.

THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

1710 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

To the Auxiliaries and Churches wishing the services of a speaker to address their meetings:

The American McAll Association is now prepared to pay authorized speakers. It does not pay the travelling expenses of the speakers, but expects the Auxiliary or Church wishing their services to fully and generously defray these expenses.

It is suggested that the Auxiliary also provide entertainment when it is necessary to spend the Sabbath, or remain over night.

HOME DEPARTMENT

Boston The Auxiliary recently sustained a serious loss in the death of its Treasurer, Miss Chastine L. Cushing, who during a long term of service proved herself most painstaking and efficient. She will be greatly missed.

New York The Annual Meeting occurred on April 5th in the Madison Avenue Methodist Church. Miss Margaret Stimson, Corresponding Secretary, read a report of the year's work in Salle Centrale. As Secretary of the Relief Committee she presented a detailed report of the work of that committee, including the two sewing circles, with a description of the valuable boxes sent to France. The pastor of the church conducted the religious exercises and gave a warm though brief tribute of appreciation. The President, Mrs. J. C. Coleman, gave a sketch of the home work of the year. The Field Secretary and the editor of the RECORD spoke of various aspects of conditions in France.

Washington The Lenten Study Class, held at the house of the President, Mrs. H. B. F. Macfarland, brought together a number of women interested in the Mission. Miss Anna Carhart was the teacher, the text book being "A Christian Renaissance in France." The first chapter was postponed to the second lesson, in order that the author of the book might be present and add to the printed pages some personal reminiscences of the beginnings of the work. A "birthday luncheon," given by the President, produced a sufficient amount to redeem the pledge of the Auxiliary toward the expenses of refitting the *Bon Messager*.

Easton At the Annual Meeting on March 14th, good reports concerning War Relief Work were presented. Several boxes had been sent and much sewing done for them. A French History Circle had paid dues throughout the year, from which funds are provided to send two delegates to the Annual Meeting.

The very faithful president, Miss Maxwell, was re-elected. Tea was served. Mrs. Frank B. Kelley spoke on "God's Calls and Men's Answers."

Troy At the Annual Meeting, March 21st, Mrs. Kelley spoke on "Answering Our Own Prayers." Two of the newly-elected officers are young women. The Auxiliary has made an advance in its usual budget. The president, Mrs. Cowee, is a hard and efficient worker. Mrs. Kelley spoke also at the Emma Willard School in the beautiful auditorium of the new buildings. There were 230 girls present.

Albany has but two officers, but Mrs. Mereness, Mrs. Brandau and Miss Le Fevre keep it alive. The Annual Meeting was held in the large drawing-room of Mrs. George Douglas Miller. Albany has sent boxes for war relief and promises other openings if a speaker be sent in the fall for a campaign.

Orange had a Lenten Missionary Service, with the McAll Mission for the topic. A union service of a Baptist and a Congregational Church was held in the interest of the Mission.

The Presbyterian paper, *The Continent*, of New York and Chicago, recently took the opportunity, when favorably noticing our Mission study book, "A Christian Renaissance in France," to make a strong appeal for more efficient support from this country, in view of the unavoidable cutting off of resources from Great Britain and the neutral European countries.

"The women do their part as well as the men," writes a French pastor. The spirit of the women of France was tellingly shown when four soldiers came upon a mother weeping over a grave. "Five of my sons have already been killed," she said; "I have come to weep over the grave of the sixth." The soldiers at once presented arms. She sprang up from the grave crying "*Vive la France!*"

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

FEBRUARY 11—APRIL 17, 1916

MAINE, \$17 00
Bath Circle \$17 00

MASSACHUSETTS, \$3,239.60
Boston Auxiliary \$2,468 65
Easthampton Auxiliary 43 60
Lowell 10 00
Northampton Auxiliary 90 00
Pittsfield " 262 35
Salem 55 00
Springfield Auxiliary 141 00
Worcester " 166 00

CONNECTICUT, \$1,897.85
Hartford Auxiliary \$515 00
Meriden " 320 00
New Britain " 150 00
New Haven " 700 00
Norwich " 202 85

RHODE ISLAND, \$306.00
Providence Auxiliary \$306 00

NEW YORK, \$3,756.22
Albany Auxiliary \$325 00
Brooklyn " 2,201 07
Buffalo " 1,420 00
Ithaca Circle 331 00
New York Auxiliary 3,360 00
Rome Friends 16 00
Rochester Auxiliary 250 00
Syracuse " 115 50
Troy " 602 00
Utica " 135 65

NEW JERSEY, \$6,451.79
Belvidere Auxiliary \$39 00
Bloomfield, First Presbyterian
Church Fourth Quarterly Pay-
ment 6 74
Elizabeth Auxiliary 1,382 93
Englewood " 236 00
Montclair " 937 15
Morristown " 131 25
Newark " 651 00
New Brunswick Auxiliary 1,183 32
Orange " 1,449 50
Plainfield " 731 00
Princeton " 128 90
Trenton " 75 00

PENNSYLVANIA, \$9,583.12
Chester Auxiliary \$72 00
Easton " 206 00
Philadelphia Auxiliary 3,316 75
Philadelphia Special Gift 1,300 00
Pittsburgh Auxiliary 3,762 50
Sewickley " 588 00
West Chester " 74 00
Williamsport Friends 6 10
Wilkes-Barre Auxiliary 262 77

DELAWARE \$325.00
Du Pont Memorial \$225 00
Wilmington Auxiliary 100 00

MARYLAND, \$1,088.00
Baltimore Auxiliary \$1,088 00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$1,040.00
Washington Auxiliary \$1,040 00

OHIO, \$1,610.00
Cleveland \$1,275 00
Cincinnati 75 00
Dayton Auxiliary 260 00

INDIANA, \$44.00
Indianapolis Auxiliary \$44 00

TENNESSEE, \$10.00
Nashville \$10 00

MISSOURI, \$65.00
St. Louis Auxiliary 65 00

ILLINOIS, \$671.00
Chicago Auxiliary \$521 00
Lake Forest " 150 00

MICHIGAN, \$219.25
Detroit Auxiliary \$219 25

MINNESOTA, \$363.25
Minneapolis Auxiliary \$325 00
St. Paul " 38 25

WISCONSIN, \$100.00
Milwaukee \$100 00
Adelaide M. Smuller—Circle of
Memory \$11 00

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

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